

Washington, D. C.

MAR 18 1924

Register of Copyrights
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I herewith respectfully request the return of the following
named motion picture films deposited by me for registration of
copyright in the name of Aetna Pictures Corporation

ROULETTE, five reels

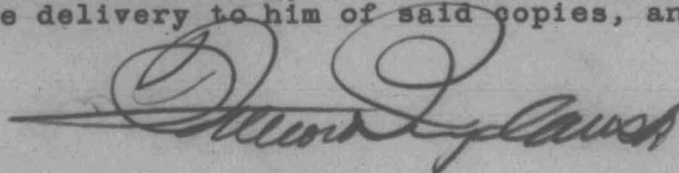
Respectfully,

FULTON BRYLAWSKI

The AETNA Pictures Corporation
hereby acknowledges the receipt of two copies each of the
motion picture films deposited and registered in the Copyright
Office as follows:

<u>Title</u>	<u>Date of Deposit</u>	<u>Registration</u>
Roulette, five reels	3-18-24	©CIL 20002

The return of the above copies was requested by the said
Company, by its agent and attorney on the 18th day of
March, 1924 and the said Fulton Brylawski for himself, and as
the duly authorized agent and attorney of the said Company,
hereby acknowledges the delivery to him of said copies, and
the receipt thereof.



MAR 18 1924

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ROULETTE!

Photoplay in five reels

Adapted by ^{LEWIS} ~~Louis~~ Allen Browne

From Story by Wm. ^{MAC} ~~McHarg~~

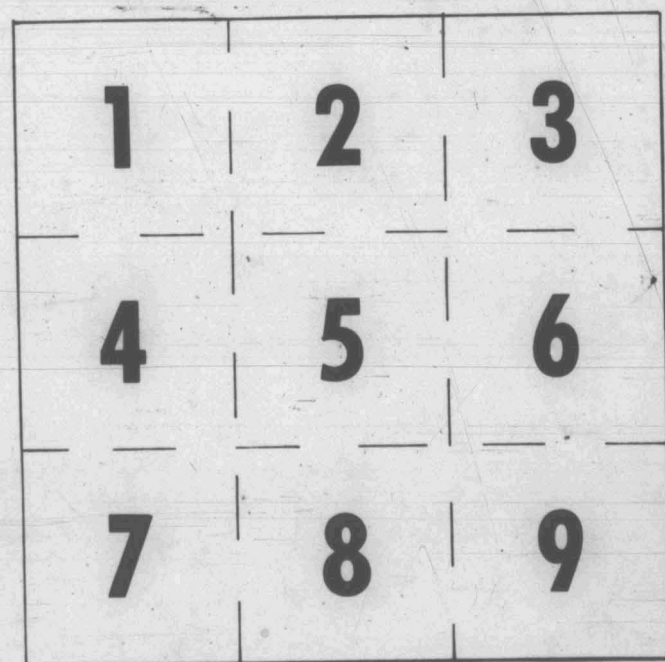
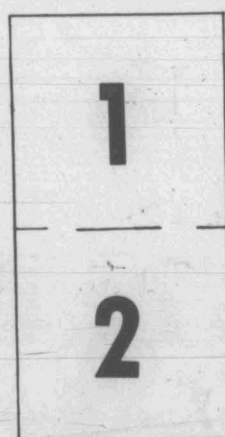
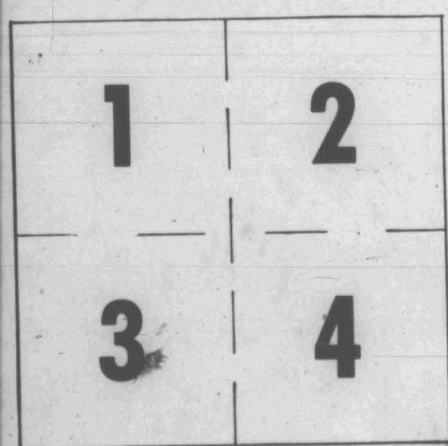
Author of the photoplay (under section 62)

Aetna Pictures Corporation of U.S.

last man. It will send them away
smiling with a desire to see more of
its kind.

Put your shoulder to the wheel
and make "Roulette" a money
maker for you. Every other exhibitor has.

Maps on this order too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed clockwise beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method.



heart—ever weak—succumbed to the excitement, and Carrington died, little Loris crying in his arms. Corcoran discovered what had happened and showed Tralee what he had done. Tralee, conscience-stricken, adopted Loris and promised to provide for her well.

The years rolled by and Loris, home from school, stood on the threshold of a new life. Tralee was astounded that she had grown into such a lovely young woman, and soon developed a double interest: he wanted Loris for himself; and he would use her as a decoy at his fashionable gambling salon. So, playing on Loris' inborn love of gambling, he soon had her fascinated with the house and with the devil's wheel—roulette. Without having any inkling of what she was doing, her charm and her love of the game lured men into losing countless thousands.

The day came when Loris met Peter Marineaux, scion of a wealthy and socially prominent old New York family. Peter disliked gambling, and he told Loris so, but to see her he had to visit Tralee's, and to visit Tralee's he had to play—and many were the Marineaux thousands lost at the house. Loris on her part, thought nothing but that Peter's luck was bad: she was sorry for she knew he was not the sort to visit her so often unless in some way she meant much to him. Loris' motherly housekeeper, Mrs. Harris, warned Loris that Peter was far too wealthy and socially, far too high to intend to make her anything but his plaything—but Loris trusted him.

Corcoran, meanwhile, grew more and more annoyed and angered that Tralee should use his lovely and unspoiled ward as a decoy. He finally decided to free her from the gambler's bondage, and, that she should not be held captive through gratitude, he decided upon her father's home as a powerful background in which to tell his story. Here he took Loris, and here he told her of the incidents surrounding her father's death: of the five aces; of the loss of all of Carrington's savings; of Tralee's troubled conscience, that led him to adopt Loris. And Loris, hearing the story, promised to in some way avenge her father.

Weeks passed. One night Peter and Tralee played a few cold poker hands. Tralee's luck was uncanny; Peter lost forty thousand dollars, and for the first time grew suspicious. He paid Tralee but, despite the gambler's vigorous protests, insisted on keeping the pack of cards they had played with as a "souvenir". Alone with Tralee, Loris accused the gambler of having cheated Peter. Tralee

answered that, whatever and that if anyone was to blame, it was him he would not complain. He was guardian for Marineaux' in walked Peter. He had wrong construction on the matter. It had been part of the crowd to get redress from her. Loris asked him back gladly if she had nothing—nothing. "Very well," answered Loris. "What you have as payment was at this time that Tralee had that he, too, was in love with her. The final outcome ensued, the final outcome for what she had stakes in a wager between to spin the roulette wheel, black or red, and whose three was to have the che Loris.

Loris sent for Corcoran, friend, and she induced him to play. The roulette wheel was operated when the play. She practiced on him and in answer to Corcoran simply answered that she was a man.

In the small hours of the night, when the guests had gone, the two went to play. Loris manipulated the roulette wheel and won the first spin with the various controls. Tralee won the second spin together, however, and decided spin. He paid Loris that he would let her come.

Corcoran was worried that there was no telling what might take of it. But Loris knew that Peter sincerely was not sorry that she had gambled. Peter telephoned her and she prepared herself. She went up the avenue, through the country lanes, her faith renewed. He stopped. She looked up at him from a lovely little corner. Ben Corcoran, asking her to be a man.

WITH some people gambling is a recreation, with some a business, with others a disease akin to fever. Dan Carrington was a man whose modest means could not keep pace with his abnormal love of cards. The day finally came when he lost all that he had saved for the education of his little motherless daughter, Loris, in a card game with a shrewd, unscrupulous gambler, John Tralee and Tralee's half-way decent partner, Ben Corcoran. Carrington took his beating like a man, however, and handed his check to Tralee without flinching. It was not until the gamblers had left that Carrington discovered a fifth ace, and the realization came that he had been cheated. Putting a revolver in his pocket Carrington started after the gambler to avenge himself, but his

MAR 18 1924

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answered that, whatever the means, he had won, and that if anyone was ever shrewd enough to beat him he would not complain. Loris wrestled with her guardian for Marineaux' check, and at this moment in walked Peter. He quite naturally placed the wrong construction on the scene, decided that Loris had been part of the crooked game, and demanded redress from her. Loris answered that she would pay him back gladly if she had the money, but that she had nothing—nothing in the world but herself. "Very well," answered Marineaux, "I will take what you have as payment in full: yourself!" It was at this time that Tralee for the first time showed that he, too, was in love with Loris. An argument ensued, the final outcome being that Loris, in payment for what she had done, put herself up as the stakes in a wager between the two men. She was to spin the roulette wheel, the men were to bet on black or red, and whoever won two spins out of three was to have the check for forty thousand—and Loris.

Loris sent for Corcoran. She knew he was her friend, and she induced him to show her how the wheel was operated when Tralee wanted to control the play. She practiced on the intricate foot control, and in answer to Corcoran's repeated questions simply answered that she was going to bet on—a man.

In the small hours of the morning, after the guests had gone, the two men entered and prepared to play. Loris manipulated the wheel so that Marineaux won the first spin, but her unfamiliarity with the various control buttons proved costly, and Tralee won the second spin. Loris pulled herself together, however, and Marineaux won the third and deciding spin. He pocketed the check, and told Loris that he would let her know when pay day came.

Corcoran was worried, for, as he told Loris, there was no telling what advantage Marineaux might take of it. But Loris was not worried: she knew that Peter sincerely loved her, and she was not sorry that she had gambled on a man. Days passed. Peter telephoned Loris to be ready. Bravely she prepared herself. Peter called. Driving her up the avenue, through the city, out through country lanes, her faith remained unshaken. Finally he stopped. She looked up—and there they were in front of a lovely little church, and there too was Ben Corcoran, asking her how she liked the best man.

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